The Motto thus : *Sic ſpectanda fides.*

The ſixt Knight.

King. And what's the ſixt and laſt, the which the Knight himſelfe with ſuch a gracefull courteſie delivered ?

Thai. He ſeemes to be a ſtranger : but his Preſent is
A withered Branch, that's onely greene at top ;
The Motto, *In hac ſpe vivo.*

King. A pretty morrall ; from the dejected ſtate wherein hee is, he hopes by you his fortunes yet may flouriſh.

1. *Lord.* He had need meane better than his outward ſhew can any way ſpeake in his juſt commend : For by his ruſty out-ſide, he appeares to have practiſed more the Whipſtocke, than the Lance.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a ſtranger, for he comes to an honord triumph ſtrangely furniſht.

3. *Lord.* And on ſet purpoſe let his armour ruſt
Vntill this day, to ſcowre it in the duſt.

King. Opinion's but a foole, that makes us ſcan
The outward habite, by the inward man.
But ſtay, the knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallery.

Great ſhoutes, and all cry, The meane Knight.

Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to ſay you'r welcome, were ſuperfluous.
I place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a Title page, your worth in armes ;
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in ſhew commends it ſelfe :
Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a feaſt.
You are Princes and my gueſts.

Thai. But you my Knight and gueſt,
To whom this wreathe of victory I give,
And crowne you King of this dayes happineſſe.

Per. Tis more by fortune (Lady) than by merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is yours,
And heere, I hope, is none that envies it :

In framing an Artiſt, Art hath
To make ſome good, but othe
And you her laboured ſcholler
For (daughter) ſo you are, he
Martiall the reſt, as they deſe

Knights. We are honoured

King. Your preſence glads
For who hates honour, hates

Marſh. Sir, yonder is you

Per. Some other is more

1. *Knight.* Contend not ſir
That neither in our hearts, no
Envie the great, nor doe the
You are right courteous K

King. Sit, ſit, ſit.
By *Iove* (I wonder) that is
Theſe Cates reſiſt me, he no

Thai. By *Iuno* (that is Qu
All Viands that I eate doe f
Wiſhing him my meate : f

King. Hee's but a country
Than other Knights have d
Or ſo : let it paſſe.

Thai. To me he ſeemes D

Per. Yon King's to me,
Which tels me in that glor
And Princes ſat like ſtars
And he the Sunne, for then
None that beheld him, but
Did vaile their Crownes t
Where now his ſunne like
The which hath fire in dar
Whereby I ſee that time's
For hee's their Parents, a
And gives them what he

King. What, are you m

Knights. Who can be o

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